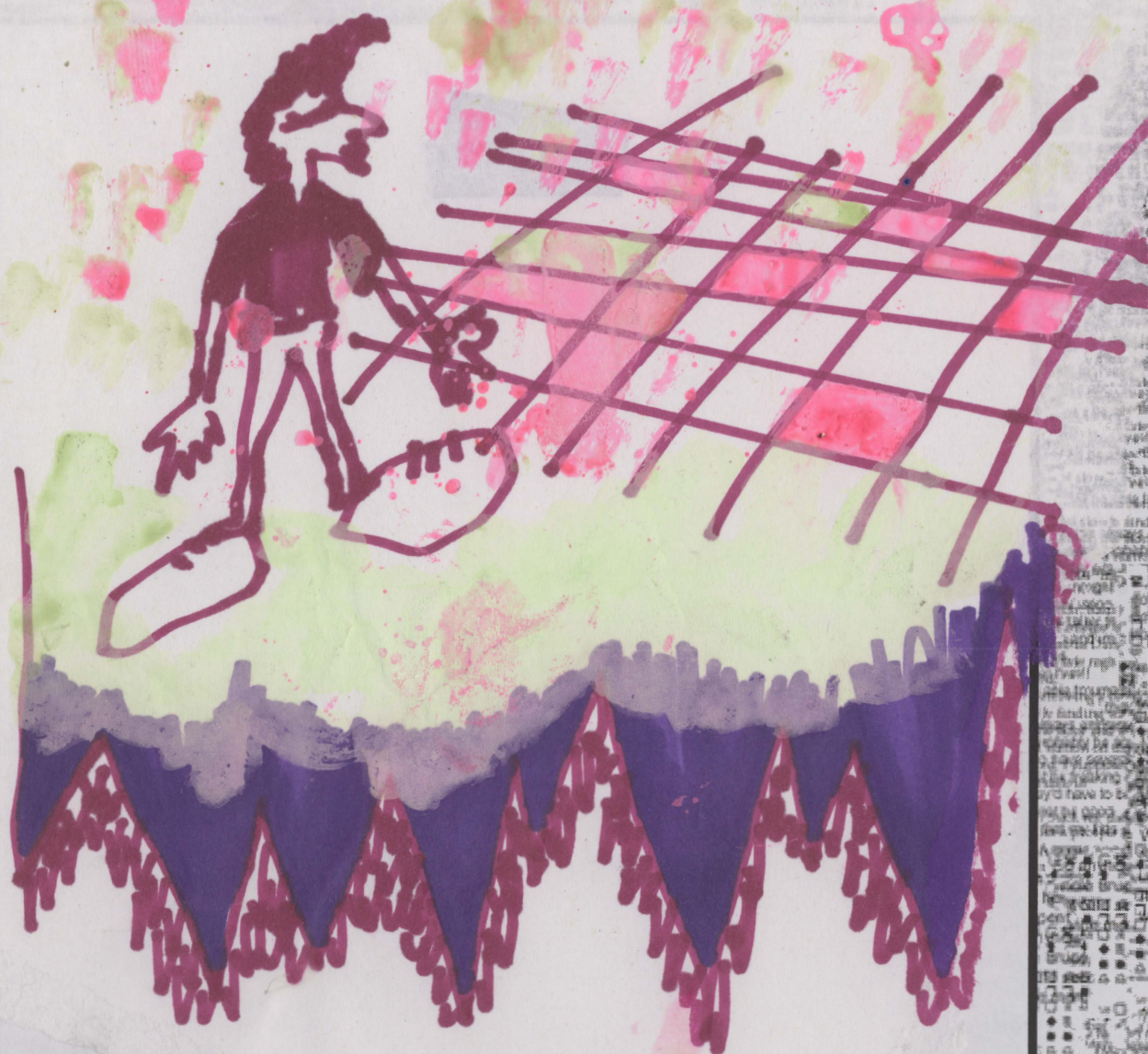


COMEN



Volume 23, Issue 3, October 22, 2004

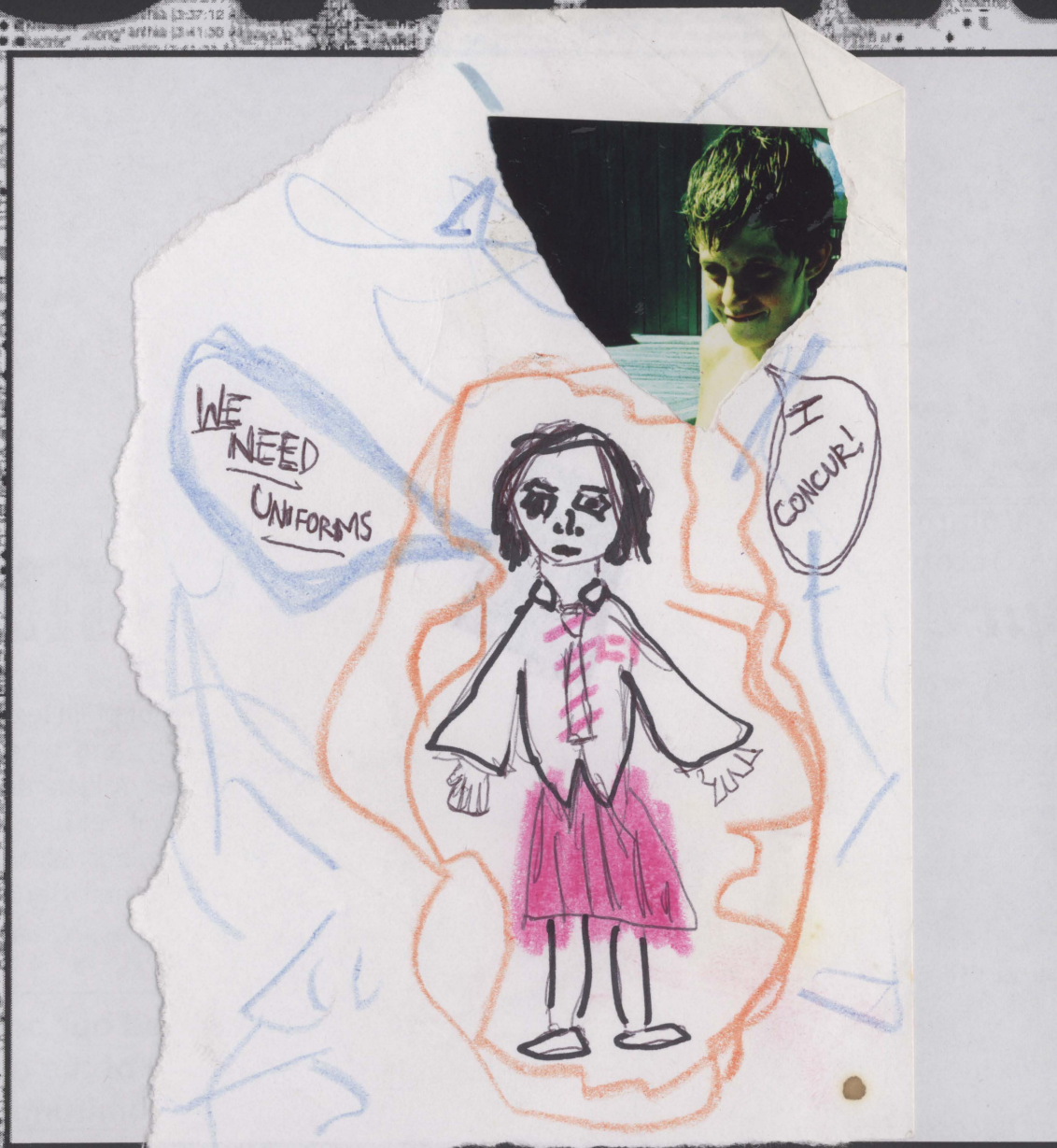
SPECIAL SUPER ULTRA COLELECTOR'S EDITION

EVERY COVER HANDMADE BY SLAVES

THREE HUNDRED UNIQUE COVERS

ALL BECAUSE WE LOVE YOU

OWMEN



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Volume 23, issue 3

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layout & editing

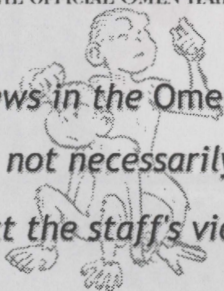
Jesse Frola	Raisin Bran sans Raisins
Leila Higgins	Peanut Butter Diet
Abby Ohlheiser	Diet of Worms
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Kyle Strimbeck	Guff

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



Cover Art by Shalin Scupham
Back Cover by Alex Cooley
Pages 10-15 by Kyle Strimbeck
and Shalin Scupham

to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by diskette (Mac or IBM), and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Abby Ohlheiser, Merrill C202, x4566. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to awo03@hampshire.edu

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple website at omen.hampshire.edu



If anyone gets naked, I'm cancelling OMEN layout forever.

Quote Attributed to Abby Ohlheiser

"HELP, HELP! I'M BEING OPPRESSED!"

Editorial

by Abby Ohlheiser, Editor-in-Chief

O h My God.

This is so unfair. Can't you curve my score in light of my unique position in this class? Yes, I know that I signed up for a five-college class, and I know that the four other colleges have grades, but I just assumed that the professors would alter their syllabi to suit my unique educational needs. If haven't taken any sort of test in over a year, and now you expect me to sit down for an HOUR and submit to the tyrannical oppression of my free will that you have so innocuously called a "midterm"?

I have much more important things I could be doing with my time, such as writing my memoirs or making a macaroni necklace that will serve as a catalyst for discourse on the importance of the upcoming election.

My intellect is a delicate peach, and your callused hand of standard education is bruising its tender surface. My intellect must be cared for and cherished, placed by the window in mild sunlight so that it may ripen. The sun's rays will gently coax my intellect to reach its full potential, and its keepers will lovingly guard it as they admire its beauty. Then, when my intellect is ripe for consumption, it must be gently lifted off of the windowsill and served up in a place of honor, with homemade cream and fine silverware.

I am offended by the mere suggestion that I did not study for this exam. Do you think that I am just any Hampshire student, running around willy-nilly with a bongo and smoking the pot? I'm an intellectual, goddamn it! Hampshire is a community of artists, intellectuals, scholars,

writers, musicians, and individuals who will not be branded with your "S" for student. Shackles, slaves, submissive, stultified, silenced, spanked, NO! I throw your hot, glowing iron into the river of individuality!

This exam is of no use to me. I cannot put it in my div II portfolio, I cannot display it in a gallery, and using it to wipe my ass would be too good for this useless excuse for the destruction of a tree. Bartleby's "I would prefer not to" can not begin to capture the amount of resistance with which I am approaching this abomination of scholarship.

Obviously I cannot expect you to understand the suffocation that I experience every time I see a multiple-choice question. You are a product of the norm. I don't care what Foucault says; I'm special. I'm outside of all your drivel. I stare down my nose at your enslavement to a system from which you will never, ever escape. I pity you. I ask of you only one thing in exchange for my pity: release the rest of your students from the slavery you are entombed in before it's too late for them! Cancel the exam!

I will not sit down. I will not sharpen my number two pencil. I will not kindly be quiet and listen to reason. I will save you all from your blindness and you will follow the gleaming light of alternative education that I will carry in my hands. We will march to Hampshire and be free!

Marching, we will stomp our letter grades back to the line fragments that they truly are. We will learn the delicate art of asking for extensions and writing self evaluations. We will smoke our parents' money away and move to the woods. In this, we shall find freedom.



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Kiva at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION SPEAK

ISN'T DONALD JACKSON LOTS LIKE MICHAEL MOORE? I MEAN SERIOUSLY.

This commentary appeared in the New York Times on Oct. 17th. This section is from a reporter describing a meeting with a Bush adviser in 2002. We need to read this piece and think about it. Here's the section:

"In the summer of 2002, after I had written an article in Esquire that the White House didn't like about Bush's former communications director, Karen Hughes, I had a meeting with a senior adviser to Bush. He expressed the White House's displeasure, and then he told me something that at the time I didn't fully comprehend -- but which I now believe gets to the very heart of the Bush presidency.

The aide said that guys like me were "in what we call the reality-based community," which he defined as people who "believe that solutions emerge from your judicious study of discernible reality." I nodded and murmured something about enlightenment principles and empiricism. He cut me off. "That's not the way the world really works anymore," he continued. "We're an empire now, and when we act, we create our own reality. And while you're studying that reality -- judiciously, as you will -- we'll act again, creating other new realities, which you can study too, and that's how things will

sort out. We're history's actors . . . and you, all of you, will be left to just study what we do." "

Here's another part of that article:

"And for those who don't get it? That was explained to me in late 2002 by Mark McKinnon, a longtime senior media adviser to Bush, who now runs his own consulting firm and helps the president. He started by challenging me. "You think he's an idiot, don't you?" I said, no, I didn't. "No, you do, all of you do, up and down the West Coast, the East Coast, a few blocks in southern Manhattan called Wall Street. Let me clue you in. We don't care. You see, you're outnumbered 2 to 1 by folks in the big, wide middle of America, busy working people who don't read The New York Times or Washington Post or The L.A. Times. And you know what they like? They like the way he walks and the way he points, the way he exudes confidence. They have faith in him. And when you attack him for his malaprops, his jumbled syntax, it's good for us. Because you know what those folks don't like? They don't like you!" In this instance, the final "you," of course, meant the entire reality-based community."

This is pretty terrifying, and it's very important. Why? They say (to a reporter) that the US is an empire. That's a little creepy. Many of us thought that's how they thought, but it's a bit scarier when they come right out

by Donald Jackson

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.



ADVICE COLUMN FOR 1ST YEAR STUDENTS THAT WILL PROBABLY IGNORE IT LIKE I DID

by Leila Higgins

So, I figured I'd put together a list of things wiser students either did or should have told me my first year here. Glean from this what you will, but chances are you'll just ignore it like I did and learn from experience, saying "why didn't I listen?" or even better, "why didn't anybody tell me?"

1) If your adviser is incompetent, learn to depend on yourself, we all did.

2) When in doubt, or not, haunt your professors' office hours like they are each your prrrrrreeeeaaaciouslysssss. Building relations with faculty never hurt anybody.

3) When your Div II chair says you only have a few minor adjustments to your contract before she'll sign it, she means many many many more minor adjustments that she'll only tell

you about after you've made a few others, so it'll take forever and she will hold your sweet sweet div II button hostage the entire time.

4) Don't make college harder than it is. Do your work on time, talk to your profs, and most importantly, take courses you love and find a way to love the courses you take, it's a lot easier to throw your life into what you love than what you're just taking for a credit.

5) Self evals are not finals. Relax and be honest about yourself. This is a chance for you to learn, not be graded.

6) Work with what SAGA gives you to make something edible. If all else fails, Atkins is your friend, and you could probably use a walk anyways.

7) Work with your professors to get the most out of their classes and your experience

here. You're here to study what you love because you can, remember?

8) If you get stressed from working too much, chill with friends who can. If you get stressed from never doing your work, ditch your friends and work like mad, they might need to be left alone to work too.

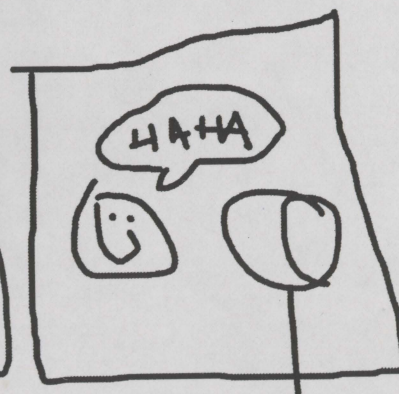
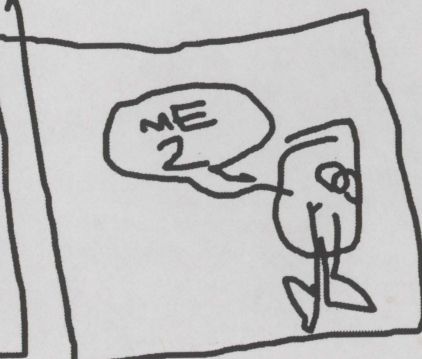
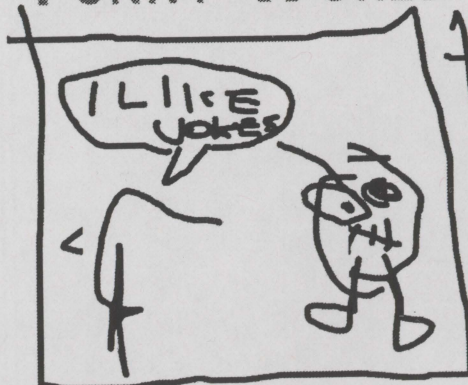
9) Keep your bathroom and lounge clean. It helps keep you and your hall mates healthy, and you gotta learn to clean up after yourself sometime.

10) Never leave anything you want to keep in the laundry room for more than two hours. It's rude to take up the washers and dryers, expecting someone else to shift your stuff over, and I've lost many a fluffy towel or good bra to forgetting about my laundry.



FUNNY WORLD

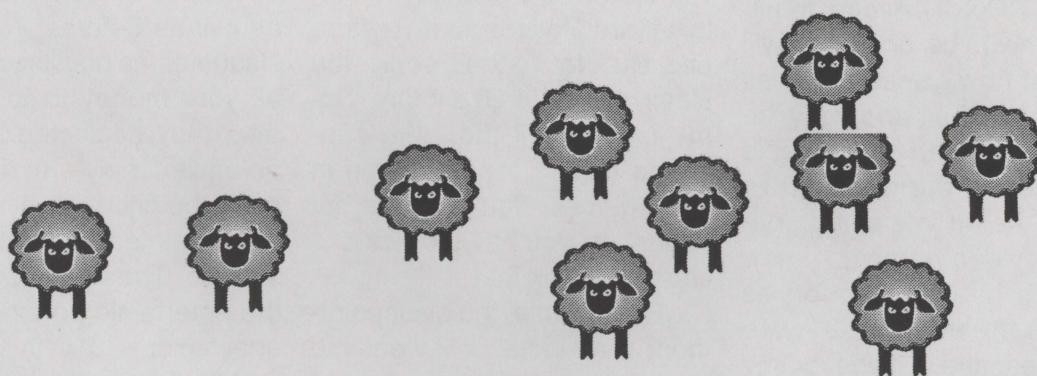
by Kvie Strimbeck



GUFF

by Kyle Strimbeck

GUFF



Redsneakers Journalism

ANNHILATING VILLAGES FOR FUN AND PROFIT

by Jesse Frola

If there's one thing in this world that always rings true, it is the idiom "The pen is mightier than the sword." This is especially true in today's society, as the sword is generally considered obsolete in the wake of explosives and guns, and the mass media is a powerful weapon in rallying or subduing large sections of a populace. In video games, on the other hand, rarely is a pen mightier than a sword. Swords are often used to cut people to pieces, and I can count the number of non-Tri-Ace games that utilize pens on no fingers. Keeping that in mind, this edition of *Redsneakers Journalism* takes a look at *Fable*.

Ah, video game reviews. It's like Zole is still with us today. This one's for you, man.

Fable is a hell of a game. Originally, it was touted as a genre-breaking, do-anything freeform RPG. Anyone familiar with the hype on *Fable* will remember how awesome it was supposed to be, and may be sadly disappointed by the *Fable* that greeted them on store shelves. As an interested consumer of video games, I knew of *Fable*'s hype. As soon as the words "freeform RPG" were used to describe it, however, my interest waned immediately. I'm a very particular kind of player; perhaps a bit TOO particular. I like my games to have an element of perfection in them. I won't use potions if I can avoid it, as using them would make it harder to acquire 99 of them. I don't know why or when I grew

into this obsessive item-collecting frenzy, but it has stuck with me for many a year. Games like Tony Hawk's Pro Skater, with definite goals and rewards, appeals to me. Games like Banjo-Kazooie or Ratchet and Clank also strike me as great, because you can take the extra time to get EVERYTHING, if you had the inclination. (An inclination which, of course, I possess.) Games like *Suikoden* are devilishly wonderful because the concept of Town-Building is perfection incarnate (though mutually exclusive character recruitment was a mistake in *Suikoden II*, I maintain). Games like *Everquest* and *Morrowind*, conversely, are much less appealing. Gone are the days of the bottomless backpack, capable of carrying 99 Monster Truck Back Tires as well as 99 Ultra Cleavers and 99 Incredibly Rare Potions that Restore Life, But Not To the People You Really Want To Use it On. No, my friends tell me. I'm supposed to find my OWN fun in these games. You can't max out your stats, you have to pick and choose. Fuck that.

Enter *Fable*, the disappointment of an industry. I went into *Fable* expecting a boring romp through the world where nothing could be perfected because the game didn't expect you to do anything. How wrong I was, I saw, when I saw hallmate after hallmate fall into the abyss that was playing *Fable*. And it looked damn fun. With a combat system not unlike *Drakengard*

or *Dynasty Warriors* (although on a much smaller scale, and without dragons), the potential to collect every item and max out every stat, a morality/fame system that makes the game appropriately hard (but not impossible) to do everything at once, and the ability to buy entire villages if you're willing to kill the inhabitants (which you are, admit it), this game completely surpasses my expectations of a boring "The Sims with Swords" choose your own adventure game. Add decent replay value (I started over after a good 7 hours because I missed a single item) and you've got a game that I'd endorse publicly. I might be doing so right now. Seriously.

You can eat baby chicks. You can kill a village chief, buy his house, and rent it to the next chief. You can pay a church lots of money to become, well, not as evil as before. You can also slaughter the priests you just gave all your money to to feel better after they neglected to give you an ancient holy artifact. You can bang the bitch mayor of the main city. You can kick a chicken into a lake. These are but a few of the entertaining moments I have enacted or seen in this game, and DAMN if this isn't a game to be played with friends. And as for freeform? On the copy of *Fable* we have, there are 10 or so different people playing, and they really do all look different and play differently. I'd write more, but I want to go upstairs and play more *Fable*.



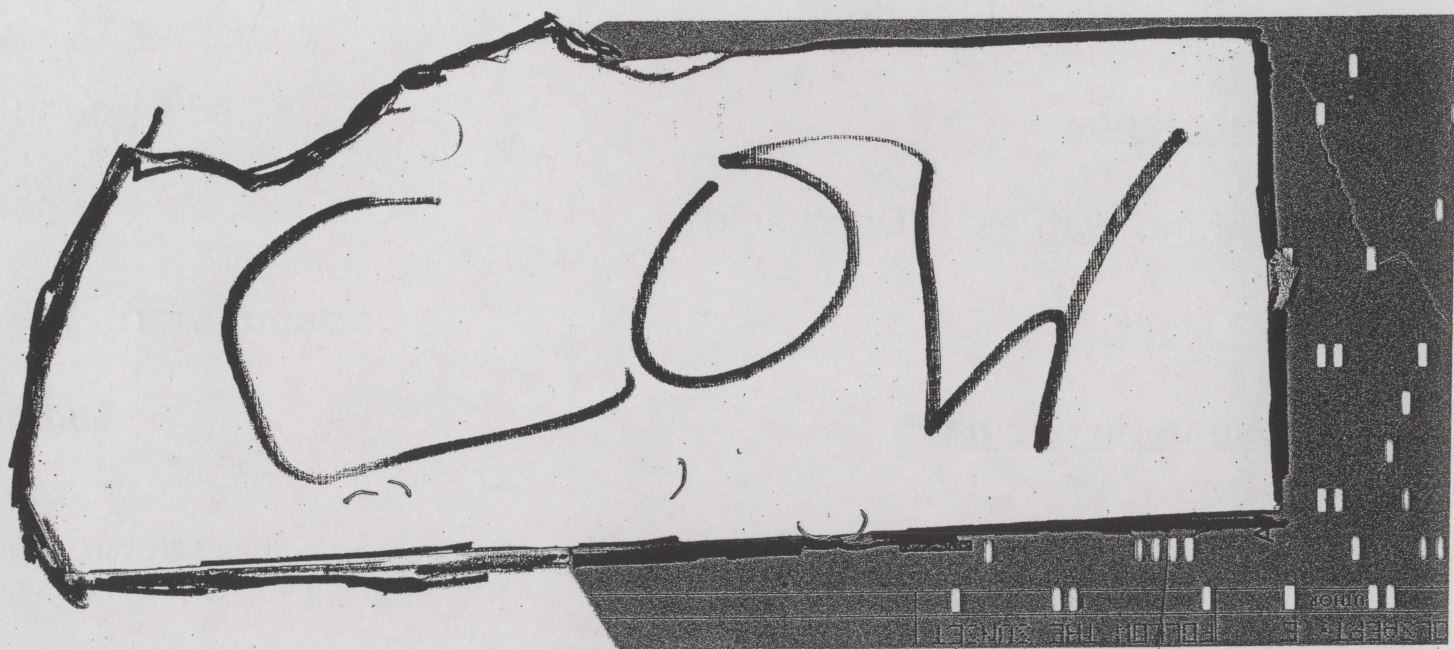
The Sounds of Mastication

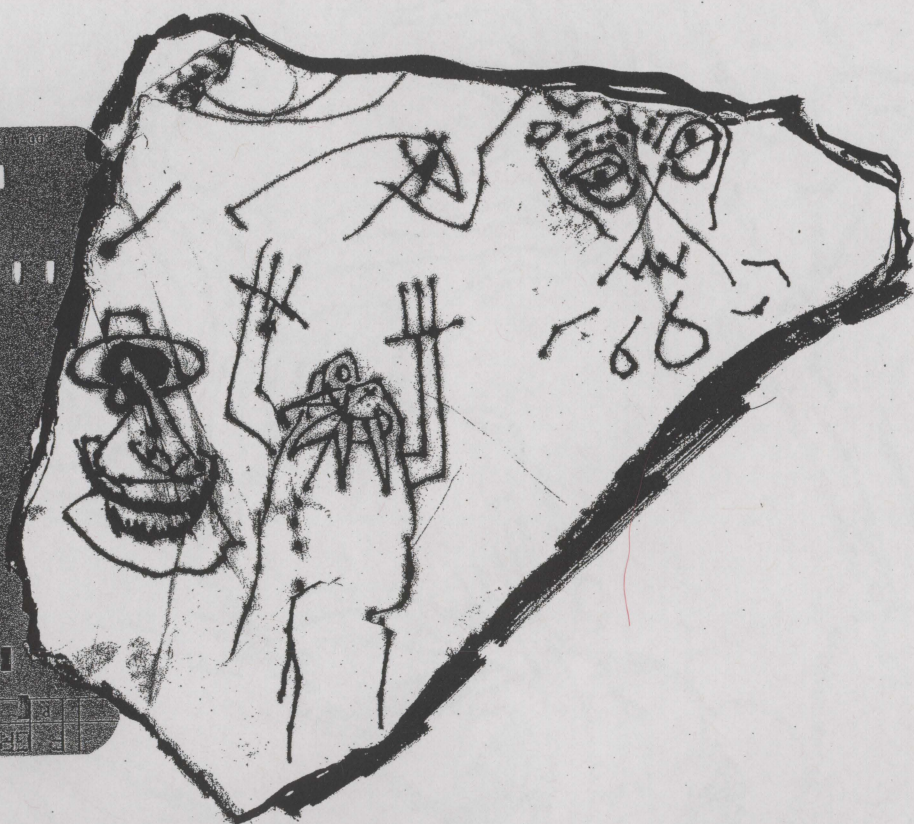
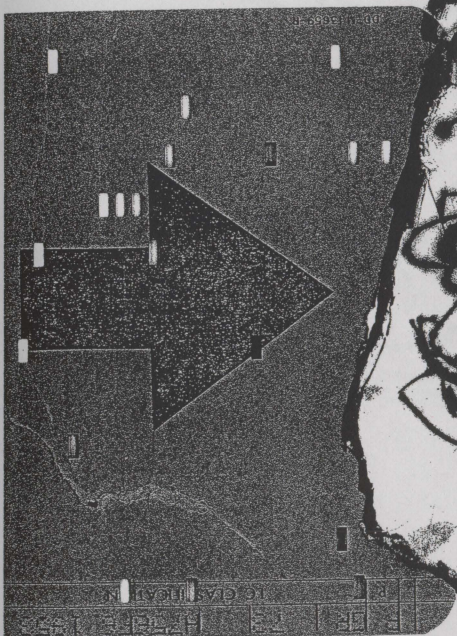
Menu for Today

<u>Beagle Bagels</u>	\$5.95 for 5
Side Order: Cute, adorable puppy eyes	Add .60
<u>The Special Soup *</u>	\$4.50
<u>Insalubrious Salad</u>	\$3.95
<u>Corn off the Cobblestones</u>	\$2.75
<u>Exuberance</u>	\$7.95 a pound
<u>Writhing Waffles</u> (Don't ask)	\$5.99
<u>??? Meat</u>	Certainly worth \$10
<u>dysenterie ove batte</u>	\$9.60
<u>Dad's Glasses</u>	Probably more than \$20, but we'll give them to you for free.
<u>What You Stepped On Last Night with Your Bare Feet</u>	It's Yours, Dude
<u>It Came From the Dumpster</u>	We can haggle over this one...
<u>Precious John, the Food Critic</u> <u>(Chef's Pick) "John is delicious!"</u>	\$17.89

Tonight's Feature:
The Zimmerman Zits
and
The Squirrel Killers

















Saturday, Oct. 23

Starts at 6:00 PM
in Room 108

Franklin Patterson Hall

- Movies
- Snacks
and of course..

D&D

DEATHFEST F2004

What the heck is Deathfest?

Deathfest is a roleplaying tournament hosted twice a year by local gamemasters who love to roleplay. Part game, part comedy show, Deathfest has happened every year for longer than anyone at the college can remember. **NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!** Just bring yourself and a pencil; food, drink, and fun will be provided!

